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My Name's Cuyler  *Garden of Dreams*
Just Broken Idols

Also a Special Article by Madge Bellamy

My Name's Cuyler

By Howard D. Stewart



THE maid was hanging Mrs. Russell Hunter's expensive fur coat in the clothes closet when her mistress suddenly called.

"Olga—come here—quick."

Hastening back into the room, Olga saw that Mrs. Hunter was holding in her hand the case which had contained the necklace. Accustomed, as she was to Mrs. Hunter's frequent and oftentimes acrimonious ruminations, there had been a note of something more serious this time in the older woman's cry.

"What is it, madam?" the maid asked.

"It's gone!" Mrs. Hunter gasped. "See, I opened it just now to put it away and the case is empty."

"The pearls?" Olga asked stupidly. "Of course—the necklace, Olga. What does this mean?" Mrs. Hunter's voice had become hard. Olga stepped back as if she had been struck.

"Madam, I can't understand," the girl began excitedly. "It has not left my hands since you handed it to me in the studio, until I put it down on the dresser as we came in." She began fumbling in the pocket of her coat, which she was still wearing. "It's not in my pocket, madam. It is impossible! I couldn't have lost it. It is impossible!"

Mrs. Hunter sat down, overcome, in the nearest chair and stared at her.

"Olga," she commanded evenly, "phone for Henri to return immediately. Then notify the police. And don't you leave this room." Then, strangely, she began to weep.

From the telephone in the room, Olga succeeded in reaching Henri at the garage and instructed him to come immediately. Mrs. Hunter prompting her—"to madam's room." Five minutes later the chauffeur entered the room, his face a study.

"I've been robbed, Henri," Mrs. Hunter burst. "When I opened the case as we got home, the necklace was gone. Did you see anything suspicious on the way home?"

"No, ma'am," he replied twisting his cap. "I drove up the middle of the street and was careful not to let any other car get close, just as you in-

"I think," replied the girl, "that in this instance you are wrong."

struck. I was watchful. Nothing happened, that I saw. Should I go back and look on the floor of the car?"

"No, you stay here with us. It didn't drop out of the case. It's not been lost. It's been stolen. The police will be here any minute."

There was a painful silence. Henri looked curiously at Olga. She stared back at him with narrowed eyes. Mrs. Hunter was moaning distractedly.

They did not have long to wait. In an incredibly short time the detective was ushered in trailed by a burly policeman in uniform. Mrs. Hunter regarded the detective for the moment without speaking, seemingly disappointed in his appearance. In the first place, he did not look like a detective. Instead, in the dinner coat he wore, he looked more like a clubman than a member of the New York police.

"My name is Cuyler," he stated simply. "I'm the detective." "You don't look like one," she fretted, staring at him through her lorgnette.

Cuyler shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"I've been robbed," Mrs. Hunter began. She held out the case. "See—my necklace is gone. It's worth one hundred thousand dollars; one of the finest and most valuable in America."

Cuyler produced a notebook and pencil. There were the usual questions. Then he asked her for the full particulars.

"I'm having my portrait painted," Mrs. Hunter began. "Today I took my necklace down to the studio so the artist could paint it as I posed with it around my neck. I had wanted her to paint it from a photograph, as I was nervous about taking it out this way, but she insisted that I must bring the real pearls; said it was imperative in order to catch the exact light and colors. We had left the painting of the necklace until the last. The rest of the portrait was

practically finished. So when we started today, I cautioned Henri here, my chauffeur, to be extremely careful and let no other cars get too close and to keep in the middle of the avenue. I had placed the necklace in the case and given it to Olga to carry in her pocket, with her hand on it every minute. If we were to be robbed, I thought they'd be safer in her possession than in mine."

"At the studio Olga helped me change to the evening gown I'm wearing for the portrait. I opened the case and placed the necklace around my neck. When the artist was finished, Olga returned to the dressing-room with me and while she was unfastening my dress, I removed the necklace myself and replacing it in the case, put the pearls in the closed case on the table. While Olga was helping me change back to my street clothes, the necklace was right there in plain sight before us both. When we were ready to leave, I watched her put the case back in her pocket. Together we left the studio and went down to the car—Olga entered after me and remained at my side all the way home. We came directly here without stopping. As we came into the room, Olga put the case down on the dresser. I was watching her. After she had taken my coat and was hanging it in the closet, I went directly to the dresser to open the case and place the pearls in the vault. But when I opened it, the case was empty. The necklace was gone. I had Olga telephone for Henri and notified the police. Neither Olga nor I have left the room."

"Very good, Mrs. Hunter," Cuyler declared. "You have acted with excellent judgment." Turning to Olga, he questioned her. Had she seen Mrs. Hunter place the necklace in the case at the studio? Yes. Was she sure that the case had never left her possession on the way home? Absolutely. Had her hand been on the case in her pocket all the time? Yes, it had been.

"By the way, Olga, it doesn't happen,

by any chance that you have a police record—or were ever in any trouble before?"

Olga gulped: "No, sir."

Cuyler then questioned Henri. He, too, was unable to throw any light on the mystery.

"Now, Mrs. Hunter," Cuyler turned again to the woman, "when did you arrange definitely with the artist to bring the pearls?"

"About a week ago."

"Was Olga present at the time?"

"Yes, she was always with me while I was in the studio. But usually she was reading a magazine and paying no attention. Olga has been with me a year and I've always trusted her. She's a good girl."

"I haven't the slightest doubt about it, Mrs. Hunter. Yet in view of the fact that you placed the pearls in her hands and they disappeared while in her possession, as a matter of routine, we'll have to hold the young woman for further questioning."

Olga stifled a scream and threw herself at Mrs. Hunter's feet. "Don't let them take me away," she begged. "Really, Olga," Cuyler explained, "you'll be treated very nicely. We simply would prefer to know where you are for the next few days."

"Now," continued the detective, "if you will give me the name and address of the artist who is painting your portrait, I won't bother you any further today."

"Her name is Rita McKim, 14½ Waverly place, in Greenwich Village," Mrs. Hunter replied. Cuyler made the notation.

"Now, Kelley, of course this is useless, but if it's a matter of form, you will search Olga and Henri here, you can then escort Olga to the station and present her with my compliments."

As he was leaving he turned again to Mrs. Hunter. "I almost forgot. Were the pearls insured?"

"Of course they were. All my jewels are insured," she snapped.

"Thank you. Good day." Alone in the room again, Mrs. Hunter sat lost in meditation.

(Continued on Page 6.)

JUST BROKEN IDEAS

By DALE CLARK

"HEAVEN," said Emily Ross, "preserve me!" She crumpled the letter which had just come in the post into a hard ball in the palm of her fat. "A child!"

She looked around her prim little parlor—a stern, middle-aged spinster with something military in her bearing. She glanced at the chairs, put in their precise angles with regard to the center-table, at the neatly arranged books, at the colorful rag which lay exactly parallel to the walls. "A child—here!" she thought.

From the mantel, the idol appeared to grimace in wicked glee over the prospect. It was a bit of clay, half-a-dozen inches high with a villainously leering countenance and a belly grotesquely large. Token of some obscure Oriental faith, it was, its significance hidden in the superstitious beginnings of the human mind.

Yellow hands had shaped it; small smoky joss-sticks had burned before it; the cruel, shining eyes had looked upon who knew what unthinkable rites?

It was certainly sadly out of harmony with the rest of the severely New England-like parlor.

The villagers wondered why she kept it.

Ah! Good lady, she had not always been stayed and astounded and military of manner. "I used to want to travel myself," she sometimes admitted.

That was as near self-expression—and confession—as she could venture. Narrow, crooked Oriental streets, the patter of sandaled feet, incense burning before strange altars—the allure

of the unknown, the mysterious, the romantic! There was nothing in her language to tell of those things. She had had secret dreams and illusions, but never a word of them went out into the village.

Never a word, either, of Perry Hughes. Only the older women remembered, vaguely, that he had tilted her. A dashing blade, that Perry Hughes, who had vanished, apparently into thin air, three decades ago. They were to have been married the next month. Whether he met with foul play, or was claimed by an indistinguishable wanderlust, or merely found the prospect of the approaching nuptials unbearable, was never to be known. He disappeared, and Emily Ross had no word of him. Only, about a year later, there came to her

through the mails a package, its postmark blurred beyond recognition. She opened it, and found the idol.

Emily put it on the mantel, and there it stayed, the gossip in the village and the pastor's reproaches unheeded.

It was a symbol to her. Looking at it, moving about the parlor, she polished face sneered evilly at her, she pictured the absent man—a dashing figure, in white, tropical garments, his head sheltered by a pith sun helmet. In her mind, he remained young—with some airy, brave moustache and glaucomously dark eyes that she had loved so long ago. . . . Would he ever come back to claim her—to carry her away to a tropical bungalow where perfectly trained native servants came noiselessly at the clapping of one's hands?—to a bungalow upon a curved white scumful of beach laid down between the blueness of the South Sea?

"A child!" repeated Emily mournfully, at one might speak of the plague. She smoothed out the wrinkled paper, and read again. There was no mistake, it was perfectly clear. Her sister wrote to say that Cousin Agatha (Emily could hardly remember having ever seen Cousin Agatha) was dead, and there was this child—a four-year-old boy—to be cared for by someone. The Rosses didn't send children to make institutions; and the sister was perfectly willing to take this boy—but not for two weeks. Would Emily keep the youngster for that time—until the sister's own young ones had recovered from the measles? She was sure Emily would. And so she had put Bobbie—that was the four-year-old's name—on the train, in the conductor's charge.

"That means," she reflected with a shudder, "that he'll be here any minute!"

Her surmise was correct. The jangling of the doorbell broke in upon her meditations. Emily answered it unwillingly. Usually it tickle quickened the beating of her heart. (It might be Perry Hughes, come home from his wanderings.)

She jerked open the door. Grizzled old Dick Smith, the village hackman, faced her. Out in front of her gate, Dick's nag, hitched to his buggy, was tied to the antique hitching stone. And in Dick's hand was the chubby fist of a small boy, who peeped at her timorously from behind the old man's leg.

Smith grinned. "I've brought your young'un fr'm the train," he observed.

Emily glared at him. Was he snickering at her up the sleeve? She supposed everyone would be. What a tid-bit for the village—old maid Ross taking care of a young'un!

The little fellow found his tongue.

"Are you Auntie Em?" he inquired.

"Auntie!" the hackman gawgled. He sobored instantly under Emily's stinging eyes. "Die's a right pert 'un!" he said, admiringly.

She refused to discuss that. "How much do I owe you?" she demanded. The old man raised both hands in a gesture of protest. "Not a cent!" he denied. "It was a real pleasure fr'm me—bringin' him up!"

"I dare say!" said Emily spitefully. She reached down for the child's arm, and drew him into the house, closing the door.

Old Dick Smith bobbed back to his carriage. Painfully climbing up into the seat, he clucked his tongue, adding, "Gid-dap!"

"Auntie!" he muttered. "Haw, haw! Oh, hee-hee! Learning how to be the buggy, he shook with laughter. Presently a sobering reflection dawned. "That poor young'un?" he grumbled. "I feel sorry fr'im."

Meanwhile, in the parlor, Emily Ross stood looking down upon the boy. She was utterly bewildered. What should she say to him? What did anyone say to small children? And what if he cried? How would she stop that?

(Continued on Page 9.)



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The Garden of Dreams

By EVA M. PEATFIELD

A Charming Memorial Day Story of a Romance of Days Gone By

AT THE turn of the road it lay—the garden where dreams came true. John Clive found it behind its little wicket gate and sat upon the old rustic seat beneath the drooping elm tree to gaze upon its wild tangled beauty. And to dream. There John lost its drab monotony and became a thing of light and color and joy. There John Clive felt, was no one to think him silly nor ridiculous if he gave way to sentimental dreams of other days.

It was there he lived again those stirring days of '63. Once more his step became firm and elastic, and his eyes grew young and bright, as if fancy he marched away to battle that his nation's unity might be preserved. Another army had sprung into being since then. A stalwart, youthful army in olive drab had taken the place of that older blue-clad one of Civil War days in the hearts and affections of the present generation. It was with such a twinge of sadness that each succeeding Decoration Day, John Clive viewed the thinning ranks of his comrades — his beloved Grand Army.

It wasn't that they missed these other lads their place in the sun. In fact, he was rather proud of so glorious a group. They held the traditions of their predecessors. Their fight had been none the less bitter when brother had fought brother; their victory none the less deserved. In spirit he had gone away with them; in splendor triumphed with them.

So, when he felt the least mist of bitterness creeping into his mind, he would be reminded of them as it aside as wholly unworthy of him. For, after all, wasn't it one of the laws of life that the old must ever give way to the new? Then, too, who would be more fitted than they to carry on after the few remaining boys in blue were gone?

Yet, somehow, he felt out of things—a sort of useless antique, relegated to the garret of life, and to be discarded whenever. Even the nieces and nephews with whom he made his home seemed to speak different language; seemed to live and work and have their pleasures in a world altogether alien to him. "Uncle John," they were in the habit of saying, "just don't understand. He's so old-fashioned!"

So it was to the little garden that he came, that in its silence and seclusion he might live his youth again; might go back to the flood-tide of life and its experiences, its joys, its sorrows and illusions. And the little garden seemed to understand so well. Personal experience, it felt, needed no forsaken, yet still carried on, as outside its gate a thoughtless world rushed by.

What that reminded him of Mary Lee—this brave, tranquil little garden. And quite often, in its magic spell, and soft, sun-dappled shadows, hours he spent on the old rustic seat. Time had been kind to her; strangely kind, for youth was still with her in bloom.

So vivid was his imagination that sometimes he put out his hand to touch the only thing that fell into the empty space on the seat beside him. At such times he would stifle the return of an old pain that fell into his eyes, to tatter out the wicket gate, and as fast as his weak old legs would carry him, go down the long roadway into the world beyond the garden. For though over three score years had passed since the unavoidable prelude of Civil War had hurried him to the front, John Clive and Mary Lee, still remained the one love of his lifetime.

It was a day after Decoration Day that Polly Gray first beheld him from a distant window. At just about the same time, John Clive became aware that the house beyond the garden was occupied at last. He viewed with alarm its open shutters and the column of smoke rising from the chimney, from its tall chimney, for he felt that now his rendezvous with the past was over.

Polly opened one of the long windows and stepped out into the vine-hung veranda. All the fragrant scents of June-time seemed to reach out and envelop her with their intoxicating sweetness. She stood for a moment, held captive by their subtle charm. Then she left the veranda and went slowly toward the lone figure on the old rustic seat.

John Clive saw her coming down the pathway towards him. Breathlessly he waited. Why he waited he knew not. But as she drew nearer he understood. It was Mary Lee herself. Mary Lee coming at last in all her old-time loveliness. Instead of the modern knee-length skirt, he saw the crinoline of a past decade sweeping the gravel path defiantly. The sleek boyish bob turned to a golden brown coilure, three curls of which hung down and touched upon her bare white shoulder. And meeting in the faces of that old-time gown, Polly's jade pin became a delicate cameo of fondest memory.

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There was a moment of silence, during which his eyes remained focused upon the horizon; a look of rapture settling upon his face, as though his spirit had suddenly merged with some mysterious thing beyond the veil.

"And I have a favor to ask of you, Miss Polly," he finally said.

"Yes," Polly queried, her face lighting up expectantly.

"I may not be coming here much longer," he said. "Would it be asking too much of you to occasionally bring some of these garden flowers and place them upon my grave, after I go?"

Polly's slim hand went out impulsively over the fence, and gently grasped John Clive's old gnarled one. "Of course I will," she told him. "But please, please, Mr. Clive, don't say such things. You may still have many more years of life ahead of you. Perhaps the happiest you've ever known."

But John Clive sadly shook his head. "My eighty-five old doesn't look for many more years, Miss Polly," he said.

John Clive's faded blue eyes suddenly glowed like two stars in his kindly wrinkled old face, and his trembling hand grasped his came tightly.

Polly paused before him and looked curiously into his young face. And as she looked she saw an expression of disappointment pass over it. For John, dreamer and become such a habit with John Clive that he found himself deceived again! Still he couldn't help but sense something peculiar about the girl standing before him.

"Then a sweet voice spoke. "Can I do anything for you, Mr. Clive?"

"No—no, Miss," John Clive stammered.

Then nodding his head in the direction of the house, he asked, "Are you the new occupant?"

"Yes," Polly answered.

"Oh, thank you so much," he said. "I'm sorry if I have intruded, Miss," he said. "I often come in here to rest when passing by."

"Then by all means continue to do so," Polly told him. "You won't disturb me in the least."

"Oh, thank you—thank you kindly, Miss," John Clive said gratefully.

As the days passed, a firm friendship sprang up between the two. And as their friendship flourished, so did the little garden about them. Polly Gray took care of a competent gardener, it took on a new lease of life, seeming to reflect the gladness of the one who had given it his dearest attention.

And it became quite customary for John Clive to take afternoon tea with Polly Gray upon the dining table, neatly arranged beneath the drooping elm tree in full view of the brightly hued flower beds. And it was there that Polly finally shared the secret of the garden.

"I've had a feeling lately," the old man told her, "that I shall soon see Mary Lee. If in this world, then possibly in the next."

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space, but instead, rested on a frail shoulder. With all the alacrity of a man, he retreated, John Clive sprang to his feet.

"Mary—Mary Lee!" he cried.

From a distant window, Polly saw them embrace and turned away.

"Grandma is happy now," she said to a woman who sat just within the shadows of the room in an invalid's chair.

"How wonderful, daughter," the woman reflected, "that through you should come about such a happy ending to that old-time love affair. Your grandmother liked and respected your grandfather, but he never loved him. She was a staunch little rebel, but her heart always remained true to John Clive, the loyal soldier of the Union."

Outside the two old lovers sat hand in hand on the old rustic seat.

"I can't just understand," John Clive was saying, "just what has brought this all about. I hope I won't wake up and find it a dream after all."

"No fear," the sweet little old lady told him. "I hope I won't wake up and find it a dream after all."

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**Had Given Up Hope, But Found Quick
and Lasting Relief.**

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She was wondering about this strange young fellow known as Don Cuyler. He seemed so inexperienced and incompetent. She wondered how he had even obtained his job. Yet, what was it that Kelley said—"It's Don Cuyler himself." This had sounded like an intimation of importance—of a reputation. "Well," she declared to herself, "we'll see what he can do."

Miss McKim went to the door.

A pleasant faced young man stood before her.

"My name's Cuyler," he explained.

"Yes?" she drawled expectantly.

"Mrs. Hunter seems to think that her necklace is stolen—"

"Oh, yes. Come in. Are you the detective? Mrs. Hunter has telephoned me." At her invitation he entered the room and sat down.

He was agreeably surprised and delighted with this McKim girl. She was young and she was pretty, despite her mussed smock and disarranged hair. Her ankles, too, met with high approval.

Complying readily with his request,

"You don't look like a detective," she fretted.



Rita McKim told all that she knew—how one day Mrs. Hunter had come to her and asked her to have her portrait painted. She had been quite set against having it painted in evening gown and with the famous necklace about her neck. She explained, precisely as Mrs. Hunter had previously emphasized, that she had been asked to wish to paint the necklace from a photograph, but Rita had objected to this as utterly impractical. She described the day Mrs. Hunter had brought the necklace. Mrs. Hunter, it was plain, had been extremely nervous and uneasy about the loss of the necklace.

"You say that after she phoned you the pearls were missing you searched the dressing-room?" Cuyler asked.

"Thoroughly. I even opened up her

"You are satisfied they aren't here?"
 "I would not say that. But I could not find them. I wish you would."

Cuyler went with her and poked about in the room indifferently. As he returned from the room, he hap-

"By George, Miss McKim," he ex-

Rita looked up in pleased surprise.

"I rather imagine it would jar on her vanity a little—but it's her, all right. You've got her down on the

odd expression of the eyes. It's startlingly truthful. That's why I asked what she thought of it. Most old ladies want to be flattered in a thing like this—made young and beautiful. You must be a very perceptive person, Miss McKim. You've seen through her like a pane of glass."

"I've always been interested in character analysis," she admitted. "It's one of my theories that to be a good portrait painter, you've got to be able to read human nature—to understand the person you're painting. That's why I've spent a lot of time studying the subject—why I've made

"I think you're quite on the right track," he replied. "But tell me, to elaborate on this, how would you analyze Mrs. Hunter? I'm really very

"I'd rather not," she remonstrated. "It's hardly fair, and rather catty. But without intending to boast at all, I really think I understand Mrs. Hunter thoroughly. In fact, she's quite obvious."

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Breaking Into Pictures

By MADGE BELLAMY

"**B**REAKING into pictures" is not an easy thing to do. For one who has had no experience before the camera, or who has not had stage training, it is a long, long up-hill and tortuous trail that leads even to the first important step up the ladder toward distinction . . . and "screen credit."

Even with screen experience and stage training it is often a very difficult thing to see a casting director for an interview, not to mention being cast for a part.

Patience is a necessary quality if one is seeking a screen career. A patience and pluck, together with courage, a willingness to co-operate with one's fellow-players and directors, and, of course, above all, an overwhelming desire to become an actress, because your faith in your own dramatic ability. One must have health, too; do not overlook that fact, for it is most important.

So many people ask me: "How shall I go about it to break into the movies?" I mention the above requisites, as they come to mind, and feel that they are among the most important: also that one should have a natural urge to express herself through acting before she decides upon such a career. In other words, just because Jenny Jones has announced her intention to become an actress is no reason why Susie Smith and Betty Brown, also, should embark upon similar careers.

Once having decided to become a screen actress, the girl who does so, must make up her mind that she is lining herself up with just about the hardest work any career for women involves. Do not ever think screen actresses tread a pathway of roses. Rather it is a path beset with thorns, taking into consideration the grief, the sleeplessness and the heart-aches that have gone hand in hand with practically every great actress' trail to stardom.

My own career on the screen has been somewhat out of the ordinary, due to the fact that I was a stage child and grew up in the atmosphere of the theater. But I have had my struggles, too, and my hardships.

I was born in Hillsboro, Texas, in the home of my maternal grandparents. My father was, at that time, professor of English in the University of Texas. The first five years of my life I lived in San Antonio and for the next five at Brownwood to be with father. After that, father, mother and I moved to Denver, Colo., where father became a newspaper editor. Meanwhile I had been studying dancing and made my debut as a dancer at Killeck's garden, when mother and I set upon their "breaking in" period for future stage triumphs.

All during my childhood I "played show" rode horses and read books under father's guidance. I took part in countless school and Sunday school entertainments, charity shows and bazaar programs. Wherever there was anything "spectacular" or "theatrical" in the neighborhood I was there, eager to do my part. Always, I had the dramatic urge. Always, I wanted to be an actress. However, I did not give voice to that urge, even when taking part in various entertainments until I definitely decided at the age of fourteen that I would never be happy until I was a professional actress.

Surprisingly to me, my parents approved my decision and to further my ambition we moved to New York. We did not know any one in New York through whom I might gain an audience with any of the big Broadway producers, so, while father did his newspaper work, mother and I set out to find what we called the "starting point" of my career.

Having had the bit of professional experience with my dancing and dance phantasies in Denver, we were not entirely "fazed," although I must say we were a couple of "innocents in Broadway." We knew there was but one place in that maze of the theatrical world where we might possibly find, at least, the back door of the musical comedy world to which I then aspired. That was "Tin Pan Alley."

Where songs and theories are tried out. We "crashed in" at a half-open door and watched and listened while a chorus was being selected for a Broadway show. I was determined to have a try-out, for I felt I could manage up to the demands made, and, eventually, they actually did give me an opportunity to dance a bit and sing a bit and told me to come to the first rehearsal. What a time to come to the first rehearsal, too! I was just thirteen years old . . . and I had actually been called for rehearsal with a Broadway chorus!

The production was tried out in New Haven, Conn., and David Frohman, who was to produce the show, was in the production. It was a day that was to mark another step

forward for me. For some reason, never explained, I attracted his attention. Later on when the show played Broadway he became interested in me and when the season was over he cast me for a small part in another Frohman production and changed my name from Margaret Philpott to the stage name which I have always used, Madge Bellamy. Incidentally, during those days that the Frohman banner, a friendship was formed that has endured through the years, ever a source of inspiration because of the faith the Frohmans always have had in me.

Shirley says, in effect, that our of our own brains in life is someone who has faith in us to assist in bringing out the best in us. And I believe that is true. It was during the first year of my work on the professional stage that I was given an opportunity to play Juliet—at the age of fourteen—which, as you remember, is the very age of Shakespeare's immortal heroine herself. It all happened like this:

Marie Wainwright was the star of the production in which I was playing a bit. Miss Wainwright was a one of the noted Julietts of the American stage in her younger years and as the company had been asked to give a benefit performance, it was suggested that "Romeo and Juliet" be revived as a compliment to our star.

Under my father's teaching I had studied Shakespeare and knew Juliet's lines perfectly. Unbeknown to the company, as I thought—I watched the rehearsals with most interest, went through the business of the role in the wings and had a great time, all to myself—I thought. In the evening at home I went through the role, imitating Miss Wainwright. Some one found me out and told Miss Wainwright. She watched me more carefully. I played my bit part in our regular production and when they rehearsed "Romeo and Juliet" she simply watched me doing my own "rehearsal" in the wings.

The day of the dress rehearsal arrived. I shall never forget it. Miss Wainwright came to me and asked me if I would like to play Juliet. To say I was thrilled is putting it mildly. I was simply overcome with joy and excitement. Then there followed explanations of the sudden honor thrust upon me, but I did not yet know that I was to play the role at the regular performance. I still believed I was merely to play the role at the rehearsal.

The rehearsal over, with the lights of the house snapped on, the audience came. I had thought was composed merely of friends of the company, was literally made up of dramatic critics from New York and they were most generous in their approval, both personally and in their columns. The next afternoon I played the role at the benefit performance.

I have tried many times to fathom why Miss Wainwright was so desirous to have me play Juliet. I think, perhaps, it was because Miss Wainwright, herself, was launched on a successful career as a dramatic actress, and she saw in me a character at a benefit when George Rigold, an eminent Australian Shakespearean actor, of the day, played Romeo to six Julietts. At any rate, while my performance did not make a Shakespearean actress of me, it provided me with a splendid stepping-stone to a better place on the spoken stage.

During all this time I was studying my school lessons with father as tutor. I studied voice culture and I kept up my practice at singing and dancing. I worked hard, urged on by ambition and the great dramatic urge within me.

Then came my part in "Dear Brutus," with William Gillette, and then I was cast for the role of "Polyanna" in the play by the same name. I played Polyanna for months on end. I toured the entire country in the part. I became so identified with the part and the character that even to this day many people think of me in terms of "Polyanna." In spite of my "Polyanna" success, I had a splendid stepping-stone to a better place on the spoken stage. It was during the run of "Polyanna" that the late Thomas H. Ince first talked me to take, "The Kidnapped Girl," starring Geraldine Farrar. I had a small part. Incidentally, it also marked Philippe De Laury's first screen appearance. He was three years of age at the time.

Then I came to Hollywood—or rather, to Culver City, to the Ince studio where my first picture was "The Kidnapped Girl." After the death of Mr. Ince, my contract (Continued on Page 14.)



Just Broken Idols

(Continued From Page 4.)

It was Bobbie who broke the awkward silence. Pointing a small finger at the leering idol, he demanded, "Who's that?"

"None of your mind," said Emily hastily. She resolved to set up a taboo at once. "You leave him strictly alone. He belongs to boys."

The boy stared with widely opened, fascinated eyes. Late afternoon sunlight fell through the window, gliding the red lips of the idol and gleaming upon the rotund, expansive waist. It seemed very much as if the idol were capable of doing that thing. It was in its power to do worse. "Emily secretly congratulated herself upon having instilled an excellent respect—so little the enemy of child milder, and child ways."

The two weeks passed. Emily had to admit that some of her fears had been ungrounded. Bobbie was a well enough behaved boy; her doors were unscathed, her chairs undisturbed, and dog-eared and thumb-printed never appeared upon the pages of her books.

Indeed, he gave little trouble; and when he was usually, she had him upon an effective way of subduing him. Pointing at the idol, she would whisper silyly, "It's got you!"

This, until the night she would think of thereafter as the night of the Dream. In the Dream, Perry Higgins came to the door—Perry, young and gay and handsome as she remembered him. In a mysterious way, the too had grown younger and fairer.

"How about Bobbie?" she asked. An expression of disgust flitted over Perry's face. He turned conversationally to the waxed tip of his moustache.

"I can't be bothered with him," he objected.

"No," said Emily humbly. "But we can't leave him either. What would the neighbors say?"

"Leave him alone," then, said Perry carelessly. "We'll just toss him overboard the ship."

At that, in the Dream, was exactly what they did. She heard his cry, and, unfortunately, an emotion overcame her. "Killer!" cried a voice within her; and she awoke, chilled to the marrow with the knowledge that she could even dream such a thing. It was like a hand turned suddenly into deep recesses of her soul. Into murky byways never guessed.

Moonlight fell through the parted curtains, casting grotesque shadows over her bed. She lifted her head from the pillow—in the little bed she had brought down from the attic and made up for him. Bobbie was whimpering in his sleep. Had some cry of a weakened her? He moaned.

She flung back the coverlet, and padded across the floor to him—an absurd figure, in her ugly white night-dress, her shoulders thrown back in her usual military manner.

She took his shoulder, shaking him. "What's the matter, child?" she demanded irritably.

His words, gasped out half in his sleep, struck into her heart like a weapon of cold steel.

"He'll get me—he will!"

"No, no," she whispered. "You're only dreaming."

But he insisted. "He will—he came for me—bigger 'a the door!"

In a flash, for a single moment, only in the dark room with the moonlight casting grotesque shadows over her head and upon the floor, and with the boy whimpering in his arms, Emily Jones saw with the eyes of a child. Saw the world, unreal and terrible, a world of fears and fancies and hobgoblins, a world in which idols, behind doors, loomed up in the darkness with evil, cunning faces, lips writhing back to bite one; and she was shamed, beyond words.

"Oh, no," she crooned, tightening her arms around him. "No, he can't. He's just an old piece of clay. He can't do anything—nothing."

"You told me—" he went on whispering.

"No, no!"

In the end, she carried him to her own bed. Long after he had fallen asleep, she lay starting with sleepless eyes into the night, the breath of the little one coming in warm intervals across her throat.

With afternoon, the following day, her pastor called. Sitting in the parlor, Bobbie perched upon his knee, he talked to Emily.

"A child is a great thing in a house,"

ly life," he declared. "A great thing. He fills a niche, a hollow place."

Emily eyed him coldly. He paused, wondering if he had presumed too far. He was not an energetic nor a very profound man; but he had his virtues, and among them, a kind heart.

"Do you—plan to keep him permanently?"

She took down from the mantel an envelope.

"I might have to," she said, coldly. "My sister writes, again—she feels, after all, she can't take him. So, it's either me, or an institution."

"Not an institution," cried the pastor. He ran his hand slowly over the boy's head. "Not that! You don't realize what such places are—I'm quite sure. And then, they let them out to persons—you know—as soon as they're old enough to work."

Emily agreed. "The Homes are not always ideal," she said slowly. "Perhaps I shall keep him. It would seem to be my duty. She sighed.

The pastor beamed. "Splendid! Of course, you must." He viewed her soberly. "And that makes it necessary for me to speak with you upon a topic that is somewhat distasteful—but very, very important!"

"Yes!" asked the woman, stiffening.

The pastor nodded at the idol. "Do you feel Miss Jones that that object provides a suitable atmosphere in which to rear a child in a Christian manner?"

"Well?" she demanded, warily.

He looked at it. Unconsciously, he shivered. "The Homes are not always ideal," he muttered. "Now, you wouldn't have to destroy it—if you didn't want to. You could put it away—in a closet, in the attic."

Upon her, having offered what he thought was a very happy solution for all concerned.

The attic! Along with the plush-covered sofa of a past decade, the worn-out trunks, the faded, hattered pictures! The idol, which Perry had sent to her; which was the symbol of everything that had gone out of her life with him, his heart, his dreams, her dreams! The only thread between them—and, the attic!

All the frustrations and defeats of her lonely life rose up before her in a black flood. "Never!" said Emily. "Never!"

Her voice was conclusive; he recognized that, and reached for his hat. She went with him to the door; and when she returned to the parlor, her eyes, hardly believing it, swept over the scene:

Bobbie had climbed up on a chair; he had reached up, on tip-toe, and his hands had secured a cautious grasp upon the idol's hair.

Emily's eyes flashed; her voice rang out shrilly.

"You brat!" she cried. "Put that back!"

The little fellow looked over his shoulder, frightened. And the idol wavered, tottered, and fell. To the

carpet, it crashed; the head snapped off at the neck, and rolled under the child's chair. Emily pressed the back of her hand to her lips, suppressing a cry. Oh, narrow, crooked Oriental streets—patter of sandaled feet—incense burning before strange altars! The mysterious, the romantic! Oh, yellow hands and smoky joss-sticks! Oh, dashing Perry Hughes, in your tropical white garments and pith arm helmet—all lying on the floor, in two pieces of clay, in a polished and slanting countenance, grinning under Bobbie's chair!

She ran toward the broken bits, the (Continued on Page 14.)

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